

NEW NOT MERCY

WHEN INGENUITY WAS SPENT IN DE-
VISING CRUEL TORTURE.

Kate Jordan's Reflections Upon Old Time
Punishments—She Thinks Heaven That
These Are Commercial Times—An Un-
easy Place Visited—Memento Trifles.

[Special Correspondence.]
NEW YORK, April 2.—It was a cold,
Marchy day, and the blustering rain was fall-
ing in torrents.

"Just the weather for the torture instru-
ments," said I as I eyed the dreary, dark
and gloomily situated building, and the
grimacing faces of the men in blue
uniforms. It is a good rule when one is blue
because of the weather, or for some equally
more important reason, to study something
which discounts our whimsical dullness by
some positive gloom. We become contented
by contrast.

That was why I fairly felt the wild wind
blow me into the small hall on one of our
most important streets, where instruments
of torture used long ago were on exhibi-
tion.

I bought a catalogue at the door and en-
tered. The plan was deserted, as I knew
it would be, and the melancholy twilight
was settling over a scene as unusual as it
was gruesome and interesting.

The Ghost of the Past.
All around me hung axes, masks, hideous
protrusions, in iron and wood
that had been devised long ago by
men solely for the torture of their unhappy
fellow men.

New York faded away as I passed from
one formidable object to another, consult-
ing my catalogue for its history. The min-
ute



teenth century vanished, and I was in spirit
back in the middle ages, so fitly called
"dark," when Mary slept and Progress
lay in chains.

This collection of ancient instruments of
torture were held in the royal castle of
Nuremberg, the town where the celebrated
Albert Durer, the inventor of wood carv-
ing, was born.

They were purchased by the Earl of
Shrewsbury for more than \$100,000. He
sent them to the World's fair, but as they
arrived too late to be given good accom-
modations they were not exhibited there.

In a few days they leave New York to be
held as a private museum by the earl un-
til his death, when he will probably donate
them to the English government.

The fact which first impressed me was
knowing that these rusty, time stained de-
vices are not imitations, but the actual in-
struments which ever and over again have
done their hideous work.

In Days When Scolds Suffered.
Here were pillories and ducking stools for
scolds, shank marks of iron that were worn
for stated periods by drunkards and ne-
do-wells, stocks to hold the feet of scound-
rels when they were displayed for derision in
the market place.

There were branding irons, unnumbered,
chains of terrible weight, blocks of stone to
be attached to the feet of criminals when
the victims were suspended by the thumbs
and executioner's sword from almost every
town in Germany.

These words were peculiarly interesting.
Many of them had the executioner's name
engraved on the blade. I found myself
wondering what sort of a brute Franz
Schmidt, the executioner of Nuremberg,
could have had as I gingerly laid my finger
upon the carved knife he so often clutched.

Balthasar Glaser of Thuringen must have
been proud of his position as headman.
The sword that he used to execute was highly
carved.

An attention in big German let-
ters ran all along the blade, which trans-
lated, read, "Be careful, do not kill, and you
won't come to judgment."

A Curious Chain.
Among the curiosities I saw the wooden
chain that Baron de Trunk made dur-
ing one of his terms in prison. This man,
remarkable in himself, whose only offense
was supposed treason, has been immortali-
zed by the elder Dumas as "Monte Cristo."

The wooden chain which he made during
his lonely hours is a thing to gaze at. It
plate, telling naively as it does of the death
in life which incarceration meant in olden
days. It was wonderful, too, this work of
patience, for it was carved out of a plank
with no other tools than a knife he was
allowed to divide his bread with, yet it has
no joints of any kind, is neither nailed,
screwed nor glued, but is entirely self-
contained and cut, a perfect chain, out of the
solid wood.

Here, too, were some of the awful chains
that bore him down, above them an ancient
point showing him in his closet, dungeon,
entire body manacled, his grave already
prepared and marked by a flat headstone
in the flooring of the cell. It may be inter-
esting to state that this man, who escapes
was so marvelously planned and carried
out he was at length manacled so that he
could make no movement other than the
lifting of his arms, and for 15 years he had
to respond to his name every 15 minutes in
order to assure his jailers, day and night,
that he was there. As I thought of this
and looked at his chains, I seemed to hear
that oft repeated call, "Trunk!" and the
answer, "Here!" which the wretched man
uttered mechanically even during sleep.

As I turned away there was one revolting
thought. Poor Trunk did not die in prison.
At last—when youth was gone—in the
reign of a new monarch, he was given his
remaining years, and the grave in the
prison floor was closed.

The Face Reveal.
I found myself in the central aisle of the
little hall, looking at the most terrible in-
strument in all this weird and instructive
collection—the iron maiden, whose terror
inspiring embrace was one of the horrors of
Nuremberg in the fifteenth century.

This relic of ancient cruelty stood in a
large glass case and had the most com-
mon place in the hall.

Many a person of great object of wood
and iron in shape like a long barrel. This
opened down the side, showing a hollow in-
terior filled with iron spikes. The front of
the instrument represented a woman's
form, the face beautiful, cold, implacable.

On the night preceding execution the
condemned was taken to the tower of the
castle and placed in a pillory opposite the
iron maiden. During the long hours of
the awful night, filled with mental anguish
and a terror that chilled us even to consider
it, the victim was forced to look upon this
instrument of his doom. In the morning,
just at dawn, he was placed within it, his
body fitted perfectly into the hollow. The
front portion of the iron maiden being
pushed up to him, he died a lingering death,
being literally impaled alive.

There was a feudish ingenuity brought to
the invention of this ghastly relic, for as I
studied it I noticed that, while the sharp
spikes were many, the spot that must come
opposite the heart was bare, so that the vi-
tal spot was untouched and the agony pro-
longed. After a few days the maiden was
rolled out on the bridge overlooking the
fathomless moat, and the body was ig-
nominiously dropped into a shameful grave
in the black waters. And what crimes were
punished by such a death? It is a mark of
the superstitious and imperial age in which
such monstrous customs flourished to note
from the lecturer's description that, while
murders of the worst sort, such as parric-
ide, were then avenged, any plot against
the government, any attempt at religious
unbelief, and the unfortunate victim to the
death clasp of the terrible iron maiden.

A Terrible Ordeal.
Scarcely a relic exists of olden days
of whatever country without some refer-
ence to the thumb screws, used to force
confessions from supposed criminals. They
were here in plenty—thumb, toe, hand and
leg screws. If a man was charged with any
crime or supposed to know of any plot
against the church or government, the
thumb screw was used to make him reveal
his secrets and betray his confederates.

There was not in human nature, save perhaps in
very rare cases, to stand this ordeal long,
and under its heart-breaking torture who
knows how many perfectly innocent people
confessed to and were convicted of crimes
they had never thought of.

Children supposed to conceal evidence
that would help to convict their relatives—
often their parents—of supposititious crimes
were not spared. No one was spared in
those days of so-called "divinity"—not the
tenderest youth, not the feeblest babe, not old
age nor delicate women. I shall not soon
forget the shadowy pain that ran through
me when under one of the galleries I stood
above the cradle of unrest. How fitly and
horribly named! It was made of iron, the
rockers very solid, and the interior was
thickly covered with short, pointed spikes.

Scarcely had I turned from this when I
felt a soft cloth brush my cheek. I looked
up and saw a scarlet mantle headed by a
black mask. I was in the shadow of an
executioner's sword, the sword beside it
having marks cut upon it proving a record
of 700 heads.

No Figure of Speech.
Very curious are the iron gauges. These
were small and could be placed easily in
the mouth, but so subtle were they ar-
ranged by means of springs that they could
be distended to a size which prevented any
utterance.

The rack and the wheel were duplicated
here many times. They were very large,
with a variety of ropes and screws attached.
The saying "breaking on the wheel" is
not at all figurative.

Among other interesting things, not com-
ing under the head of torture, yet connected
with them, I noticed a condemned's cruci-
fix, which, quite a wonderful relic, was
carried on their way to execution. There was
also a mask that was worn by one of the
judges of the secret tribunal—the notorious
Vogelricher—in which all were masked
completely, so that the accused might have
slept for judgment before his dearest friend
or father. So inexorable was the oath of
secrecy regarding the personality of these
judges that they were forbidden to disclose
their identity one to the other, each being
secretly appointed by the crown. Fancy a
prisoner confronting this iron masked tri-
bunal, whose judgment none might gainsay!
The atmosphere of horror and mystery
would have been terrible enough without
further punishment.

There was also a witch's idol, a carving
of a devil's head in wood. This was worn
by the supposed witch on her way to be
burned at the stake. Another curious thing
was a piece of the cloak worn by the Chris-
tian martyr, Johannes Huss, who was
burned at the stake at Constance. I saw also
a veritable hair-shirt once worn for penance
by some monk.

I saw the lecturer pacing between the
rows of knotted wire ropes and ghastly
shame masks, and I ventured to ask him
one question.

A Chinese Time Art.
"The world is too enlightened for torture
of any sort now, is it not? Does it still
exist anywhere?" I asked.

"Only in China," he said, with a half
pitying smile. "They make no weapons
such as are here in ghastly profusion.
Those days are forever gone, but as a piece
of interesting information let me tell you

that China's torture by natural methods
are due to the inventive powers of one man
—if one could call a human fiend by that
name. This man devised such tortures as
the constant dripping of water upon a con-
demned man's head. You think this trifling,
perhaps, but let me tell you that a drop of
water falling at regular intervals upon the
head, never ceasing, finally becomes irritat-
ing, then creates mental anguish, and after
a few days the victim becomes raving mad.
Another of his inventions is keeping a man
awake for months. This also brings on
madness. After two or three weeks' en-
forced sleeplessness the victim prays for
death. Another method is feeding to res-
toration, another compelling a man to die
of thirst. These are horrible, and this cus-
tom of torture is one that missionaries are
bravely trying to crush out."

I found myself in the street. What if it
were muddy and ugly and not at all roman-
tic! There was freedom in the very air, and
I inwardly thanked heaven that I lived in
these latter days of commercial times when
one man enjoyed trying another.

RATE JORDAN.

The Reason Why.
Old Gruffeigh—That baby of yours
madam, is like an angel.
Young Matron (pleased)—Do you
really think so?
Old Gruffeigh—Yes. Is it not writ-
ten that the angels "cry out and shout?"
—N. Y. World.

ERIE MEDICAL CO.,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

IS TOLD BY LINES

It is a Fad to Describe the Writer
from His Writings.

Some Salient Points Given by Those Who
Profess to Be Experts—Daily Cor-
respondence Rendered More
Interesting.

A fashionable fad just now is char-
acter-reading from handwriting, and it is
really astonishing what clever hints, in
the way of personal shifts, an expert in
this line frequently deduces from
half a sheet of note-paper covered with
the writing of the person whose vir-
tues and foibles are under discussion,
says the New York Tribune. Whether
it is chance or actual knowledge it is
impossible to say, for these wizards of
society are very loath to communicate
their methods, and take pleasure in
enshrining themselves in mystery as
much as possible, recognizing the fact
that to impress people with their wis-
dom and to keep up their prestige they
must affect the occult.

While the majority of character
readers confine themselves simply to
the salient characteristics expressed by
the writing, some go even further and
profess to read past events by the
writer's method of combining his let-
ters and words. This, however, is of
course mere jugglery—but that a cer-
tain amount of one's disposition and
character is legible to those who "read
between the lines" seems to be almost
an acknowledged fact. Certainly,
when one hears a clever exponent of
art give a brief synopsis of the differ-
ent distinguishing qualities that he
sees expressed in a handful of notes
and letters, and one recognizes many
of the peculiarities and qualities which
are mentioned, it is impossible not to
feel interested. Many of the deduc-
tions drawn are wonderfully true; and,
after all, when one considers that the
written characters are direct emanations
from the brain, it seems a plausible
enough theory that these queer lit-
tle shapes and combinations that we
call letters and words should mean
much more than at first meets the eye.

"How can I tell?" said one of these
experts, when interrogated about his
theories. "I cannot explain it to you;
it is the general appearance of the
writing, and it is almost impossible to
analyze. There are a few salient
points, however, that I can give you.
For instance, even letters—that is, a
word written so that the two copybook
lines, one above and one below, touch
the edges of each letter; this means
honesty. A hopeful disposition shows
itself in the tendency of the lines to
go upward. The way people cross
their 'a's' is very indicative indeed;
where there is a firm stroke with a sort
of slight hook at the end, it means ten-
acity of purpose and will power. Ex-
ecutive ability is often shown by the
words running themselves out into a
sort of scroll, but the merest devia-
tion will often change the meaning of
one line into quite another charac-
teristic, so that it is quite impossible for
anyone to understand all the various
shades of meaning unless he has
studied the subject for a long while.
But when you do understand it more
or less, and can discover the hidden
meaning of it, it is quite wonderful
how interesting one's daily correspond-
ence becomes—far more than the
writer ever dreams of."

DOES ITS WORK QUICKLY.
The Terrible Certainty with Which the
Outline Takes Human Life.

The striking thing about the ex-
ecution of the pen is the appalling
quickness of it all. Action was so
rapid, says a writer in the New York
World, from the instant he appeared
on the stage of the prison to the in-
stant the knife fell that it was al-
most impossible to distinguish the
slight chain of incidents. He flung
himself eagerly against the plank, was
strapped to it, and in the flash of a
glance the plank was pushed forward
on the platform of the guillotine. An
instant's vision of a recumbent figure,
face downward; in the same moment a
head, with two staring, wide open
eyes, whirled almost defiantly, as it
seemed, and with a slight zigzag
movement to the rightward, while
simultaneously the pinioned body
rolled inert, convulsive, into the
capacious basket, also at the
right-hand side of the guillotine.

The swiftness, the mechanical prompt-
ness of the business fairly stupefied the
spectator. It was impossible to real-
ize that a human life had ended in less
time than it would take to draw a full
breath. The guillotine had done its
work. There was scarcely a sense of
horror in the sight. Twenty-four
hours later no one could have associat-
ed Paris with perhaps the most im-
pressive vengeance society has ever
taken upon the revolt. The Marill Gras
festival was being kept up as no Mardi
Gras known since the bonanza days of
the empire. In spite of the "London
weather," as it is called, all the gay-
eties and games known to French fun-
making were cast about in the streets
filled with the revelers in theatrical garb.
The concert halls contributed a car-
nival immensely successful in merry-
making. Scores upon scores of high
chariots bedecked with every fantas-
tic device known to stage management
and crowded with the bedizened hor-
de of the scene kept the population in
open-mouthed delight from early morn-
ing to midnight.

Reindeer in Sweden.
The number of reindeer owned by a
Laplander in Sweden varies to a con-
siderable degree. The poor may have
from 50 to 100 reindeer, those better
off from 200 to 700, and the rich Lap-
landers will keep 1,000 and even 5,000
reindeer. There is some difficulty in
collecting statistics of the number of
reindeer, as the Laplanders will some-
times be unwilling or unable to give
any correct statement. According to
the latest statistics the number of rein-
deer in Sweden would amount to 200,
000, of which 55,000 were in the pro-
vince of Jemtland, 40,000 in the province
of Vesterbotten and 100,000 in the
province of Norrbotten.

Even in times of peace we soldiers
are still warlike," said Lieut. Horner
to Billie McGinnis at a so-called in-
Harlem.

"Why, how is that?" asked Billie.
"Well, you know we have to kill
time," Alex E. Sweet, in Texas. Sit-
ings.

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—If long branches of morning glory
be plucked at night, arranged in a
bowl of water and set out in the open
air the buds will open at sunrise and
the dish makes a charming ornament
for the breakfast table.

—A hawk was shot by Albert New-
lin, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., the other
day. When he went to pick the body
up the bird's mate attacked him with
beak and wing and finally bore off the
body of its dead mate in triumph.

—Musical culture among working
people has been tried successfully by
Charlotte Malignan in Philadelphia.
Beginning with a Sunday school class
of bootblacks, she has had twelve thou-
sand working men in the last twenty-
eight years.

—A canal connecting the Elbe and
Danube has been projected. It would
start near Vienna, near Kronenbourg,
extend 133 miles northwestward
toward Budweis, and from the latter
point the channels of the Moldau and
Elbe would be "canalized" for 189 1/2
miles. The greatest difference in level
along the route is 1,515 feet. It is es-
timated that 50,000,000 florins (\$32,000,-
000) would cover the cost.

—A widowers' association has been
formed in Dresden. No man can join
unless his wife is dead, and if he mar-
ries again he becomes an honorary
member merely. One of the chief pur-
poses of this association is to help
newly made widowers by looking after
their wives' funerals and caring for
their children. Members will also
meet for mutual sympathy and enter-
tainment. There are at present forty
members.

—George Augustus Sala wants men's
evening dress "reformed" and offered a
prize for the best suggestion to that
end. The winner, a lady, suggests
that the present harmony in black and
white would be admirable with "a
trifling addition which would lend the
necessary touch of color and effect—
namely, the gold embroidery of the
coat collar and waistcoat over colored
materials, such as crimson or dark blue
velvet."

—Any persons interested in the
work of the vessels which surveyed
the cable route between Hawaii and
the California coast would be surprised
to see how very level the ocean bed is
—"so level," as one of the survey
officers remarked, "that if on dry land
a railroad track could run over a
stretch of five hundred miles of the
bed at a speed of sixty miles an hour
without the grade belt being altered
anywhere."

—Prof. Thomas Kirk, of Wellington,
New Zealand, some time ago wrote to
one of the Harvard professors that he
had selected two logs of the rata tree,
Metrodora robusta, for the college
museum. The logs arrived on Friday,
4 and 4 1/2 feet in diameter, respectively.
The seeds of the rata tree germinate in
the forks of lofty trees, sending down
aerial roots which reach the ground
and draw therefrom a supply of mois-
ture, while the young plant above sends
out branches with foliage to appropri-
ate material of food. The roots increase
in thickness, and the branches continue
their growth until this interloper
actually crowds out of existence the
trees which cradled it in its infancy.
The wood is used for shipbuilding and
cabinet work.

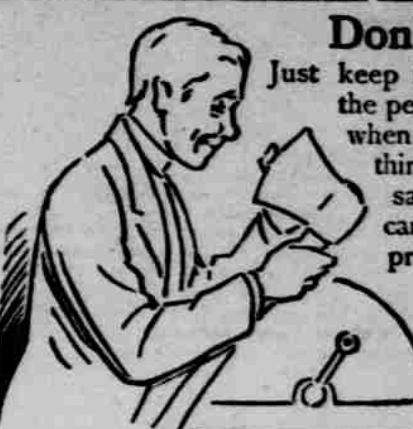
While much of the area of New
Mexico and Arizona is "arid land" on
which such hardy vegetation as can
exist is low, sparse and dry, wherever
the soil is irrigated its enduring ferti-
lity is revealed. The water turned over
the land in all the lower valleys carries
the detritus of mountain sides in sol-
ution, which makes a fertilizing deposit
akin to that left by the annual inunda-
tions in the valley of the Nile. Such
a soil, in many places composed of dis-
integrated volcanic matter, is natu-
rally favorable to the cultivation of the
vine, and the visitor is not surprised at
the fine quality of the Rio Grande
grapes, and—under proper vintage
processes—the wines. Such fruits as
apples, peaches, nectarines and plums,
raised on the higher slopes and levels,
are unsurpassed anywhere in beauty
and flavor.

—Major William Downie, one of the
most noted pioneers of the West, died in
San Francisco harbor under anguishing
circumstances. One of the fea-
tures of the midwinter fair is a 49 min-
ing camp, in which are the identical
cabins in which lived some of the most
famous miners, now mostly million-
aires, of those days, such as Mackay,
Flood and O'Brien. Maj. Downie's
cabin is prominent in the camp, and he
was on his way from Victoria, B. C., on
the steamer City of Poughkeepsie to
during a portion of the time the fair is
to be open. A committee went aboard
to welcome the old miner, and while
they were telling him of the grand old
times that awaited him, and he was
eager to see the prospect of again meet-
ing his old partners of pioneer times,
an attack of heart failure, undoubtedly
brought on by emotion, came on, and
he fell over on the deck dead.

Branding a Maverick.
In a dell in the forest we espied some
"mavericks," or unbranded stock. The
punchers are ever alert for a beef with-
out a brand, and a big HF
burned in its flank, and immediately
they perceive one they tighten their
cincha, slip a rope from the pommel,
put their hats on the back of their
heads, and "light out." A cow was
soon caught, after desperate riding
over rocks and fallen timber, thrown
down, and "hog-tied," which means all
four feet together. A little fire is
built, and one side of a cincha ring is
heated red-hot, with which a rawhide
artist paints HF in the scalding flesh,
while the cow bleats and bawls. She
is then unbound, and when she gets
back on her feet the vagabond stands
about, scrape in hand, after the bull-
fighter method, and provoke her to
charge. She charges, while they avoid
her by agile springs and a flaunting
of their rags. They laugh, and cry
"bravo bravo" until she, having over-
come her indignation at their rudeness,
settles down to the canyon with her tail
in the air—Frederick Remington, in
Harper's Magazine.

Poor Johnnie's Fate.
Little Johnnie took a mirror
And he looked the back of all.
Thinking in his childish fancy
It would cure the whooping cough.
But on the morning of the funeral
The neighbors said to Mrs. Brown,
"Was a silly day for little Johnnie
When the mirror went down?"
—Boston Traveller.

A Modern Miracle.
The church works tonight today.
As miracles were wrought of yore;
The marriage rite requires their light
To people who were killed before.



Don't be the Axe!

Just keep in mind that the grocer or
the peddler has "an axe to grind"
when he tells you that he has some-
thing "as good as" or "the
same as" Pearline. There
can be but one reason—more
profit to him by your use of
the substitutes.

But how is it with you?
What reason can you have
for wanting to take the
risk? Certainly not econ-
omy—Pearline leads to
the greatest economy in every direction—saves the most
money, time, clothes and health. If your grocer sends you
an imitation, be honest—send it back. JAMES FYLE, N. Y.

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spare no pains to win the heart to virtue, and they impart to their pupils a solid and reduced
scholarship. With a vigilant and immediate supervision, they provide for the want and
comfort of the children entrusted to their care.

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PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha
finds that technically he cannot give
up that \$50,000 a year from England,
although anxious to. There are some
very sad things connected with the pre-
servation of reigning.

—United States Senator James Mc-
Millan, of Michigan, sent \$4,000 recently
to Detroit for the benefit of the un-
employed, suggesting that it be used to
give work to those who wish and can
get no other employment.

—Sir Charles Dilke said in a debate
in parliament: "The most dangerous
illusion any inhabitant of the United
Kingdom can have is that we are a popu-
lar power. We are probably the
most unpopular of the great powers."

—Hosea Sprague, of Homer, N. Y.,
is one hundred years old. He was
born in Brimfield, Mass., but has lived
in Cortland county since 1821. He is
very active and is quite a wrestler even
now in his old age. His wife is eighty-
three years old.

—The earl of Lovelace, who died re-
cently at the advanced age of eighty-
eight, was not only the husband of
Byron's only child, but he was a direct
descendant of Henry VII and Lady
Catherine Grey. He was an architect,
a landscape gardener, and an engineer.

—Mrs. Emma Saller, a German
woman, first discovered the mechanism
of head notes, the highest tones of the
female voice. She devoted herself to
the study of the larynx at the dissect-
ion table, and was rewarded by find-
ing two small cartilages in the vocal
chords which produced these sounds.

—Roscoe Howard, of San Diego, Cal.,
has presented to the Smithsonian in-
stitution a white eagle from Ecuador,
where it was captured in the
Andes, and said to be the first one of
its species ever brought to this country.
It is a magnificent looking bird, and
although only six months old, weighs
nearly fifty pounds and is about three
feet six inches in height.

—A young Chinese woman has been
trying for some time to get a medical
education in San Francisco in order to
practice among her own people. For
three years she has been supporting
herself by nursing in Chinatown, but
has now made application for admission
to some of the hospitals of the city,
only to have her application refused
because of her race—Seattle Post-In-
telligencer.

—Martin Backus, of Stillwater, Minn.,
is said to be the most absent-minded
man in the northwest. The other day
he forgot an engagement to marry un-
til three hours after the appointed
time, and then he remembered it, but
the name of his affianced bride wholly
escaped his mind. By the aid of the
young woman's father and two brothers
and a shotgun his memory was re-
freshed and a tragedy averted.

—Mr. Gladstone has usually been
considered the father of the house of
commons. This is not quite true. Mr.
Villiers (ninety-one) is older, and so is
Sir Isaac Holden (eighty-seven). But
Mr. Gladstone has been at Westminster
sixty-one years, having been elected
for Newark in December, 1832. He
held his first office as junior lord of
the treasury under Peel—fifty-nine
years ago. Mr. Gladstone was a lord
of the treasury before Mr. Morley, Mr.
Asquith, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Cham-
berlain were born and when even Sir
William Harcourt was only a child of
seven.

Bobbie's Wish.
I wish some man would make a top
That was "was upon, would never stop."
—Harper's Young People.

"CLEANLINESS IS NAE PRIDE, DIRT'S NAE HON-
ESTY." COMMON SENSE DICTATES THE USE OF

SAPOLIO

Not a Recent Discovery.
Why do you turn the lamp down low
When sitting with your legs at night?
The maid replied, with face aglow
"Why, love is hid and being so
Thrice just as well without a light."
—M. Y. Press.

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

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